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Oklahoma Tales and Fingles



Woodard, Fred B.
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Sketches
by
Joe DeYong



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FOREWORD BY MR. RATLINGOURD

In preparing my part of this delightful little volume I was, on account of associations and circumstances, induced to colaborate with Mr. Sourjohn .

Of course, I realize that the gentle reader will find much that is dry and uninteresting in his tales, and should there be anything that appears bright or witty, there is always the uncertainty of it being original.

It would, therefore, be unfair to the reader and myself if I did not disclaim all responsibility for the truth of any of the tales he has seen fit to tell, yet, if truth is enough stranger than fiction, they are, perhaps, true.

As to the part contributed by the writer, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that it stands out prominently like an applicant for an Oklahoma post office, who has no opposition

Mr. Ratlingourd,

Dewey, Oklahoma,

October First, Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen

FOREWORD BY MR. SOURJOHN.

Why we should have been induced to allow the perfectly good tales told herein to be mixed with such an amalgamation of illegal jingles is more than we are at this time able to explain. That, without exception, the alleged jingles are a libel on all rhymsters that ever lived, is apparent at a glance, that the perpetrator has questioned the truth of some of the tales so well and so accurately told herein shows the inconsistency of his position. However, as our character is above reproach we refuse to substantiate any statement made herein, or to be sworn to its correctness.

We are willing to say, however, that the jingles by Mr. Ratlingourd are all original for the reason that after a careful reading of all the second class rhymsters we find nothing nearly so bad.

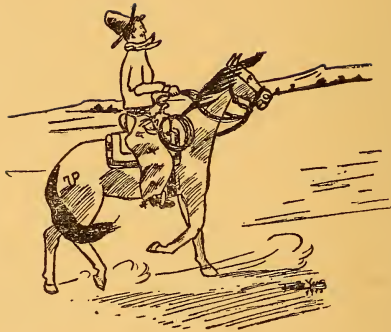
Mr. Sourjohn.

Dewey, Oklahoma,

October First, Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen

If these are poems,
make the most of them.

DEWEY



On the bloomin' big prairies
Where the smoke aint and fresh air is;
Out where the sun shines clear;
Out from stuffy rooms and dingy,
Where old nature isn't stingy
With the atmosphere.

BARTLESVILLE ITEM

Our esteemed former fellow townsman Mr. John Walkingstick, than whom no more elegant gentleman exists, on his recent trip to the capitol city, being alone one evening dropped into a prominent play-house, and thinking to see one of the kind of amusements that Judge Craver so much admires, he asked for, and obtained, a seat near the front.

The seat assigned him was near the outside aisle, and the entertainment being really a grand opera, "the President had graced the piece with his presence," as the County Journalists say. John not thinking of the President, but only of himself as a Bartlesville booster, failed to notice that the Wilson box was removed from his seat by only a few feet.

The entrance of the President and John was by accident exactly simultaneous, and as the band played "God save the King," and everyone arose, John thought it no more than courteous to make a few brief remarks. He had got to where he was saying, that although, he now lived in Bartlesville he was originally from Dewey, when the enthusiasm of the audience made further speech impossible, and John for the first time noticed the President.



SPRING

When the green comes back to the meadows,
And the violets start to bloom,
When the red bud trees are in blossom,
And the dog-wood sweet with perfume.

When the sun fish season opens,
And you're up at break of day;
When its time to start to plowin;
When the hens begin to lay.

*When you take your old straw hat down
From the nail behind the door,
And replace it with the beaver
That hung there the year before.

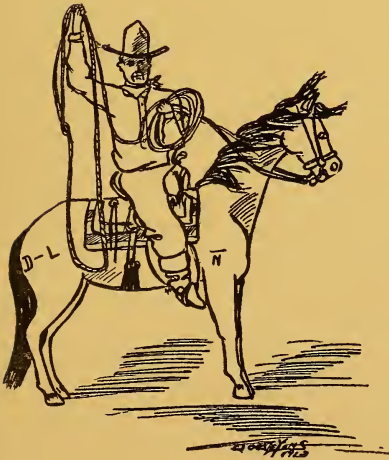
When the clothes you are wearing seem heavy;
When you want to get out and sing;
When the horses and mules start to sheddin,
Its a definite sign of spring.

*I think this entire verse was stolen from some one, but I don't know who, nor do I know why.

Mr. Ratlingourd.

THE WINNER

Knight of the rope and saddle
Day of his golden days,
Winning the grins of the pealers
Winning the ladies praise.



WHISKEY PETE.



It was only by a rare piece of good luck that the subject matter of this little tale ever lived to receive more than the ordinary notice accorded the average of his kind.

It happened like this, I had been away from home until a late train and, some one unthoughtedly closed the barn door before Banty, who, by the way, was not a Banty, but an undersized little brown hen, with a motherly look that made you think of a little old fashioned grandma, had gotten in with

her eleven, three weeks old brood, and Banty, doing the next best thing, gathered them as near under her wings as she could, and with such shelter as a friendly bush, some little distance from the door, would give, was fairly comfortable until it set in to raining one of those cold March rains that turned to sleet by morning.

I found her sitting by the barn door in the morning with six very cold, wet and stiff little chickens partly under her, and she herself almost dead. I immediately gathered her, and such of her brood as were left, up, and on an old blanket back of the warm kitchen stove they were soon all right. I saw the other little fellows laying in the water and sleet with no sign of life in any of them, and the day growing colder. On my second trip to the barn, however, I saw one little fellow make the weakest kind of a little gasp. I picked him up and found the sleet had almost covered him. He had been laying in the mud and water, but was still alive. I took him in and laid him down on the rug in front of the open fire place, expecting that he would die before he got warm, but upon his showing signs of life I took his case in charge personally; first I got a teaspoon and filled it one-half full of warm water and whiskey, opened his beak and poured it down. In about an hour I repeated the dose, and in a few minutes was rewarded by hearing

a good loud squack. In the course of the day he held up his head and swallowed some soft bread and another toddy.

He seemed to be feeling very well, although his eyes had the look of one who had taken a drop too much. He did not attempt to stand, but sat awkwardly on his haunches with his feet stretched out in front. During the night he made so much noise in his drunken slumber that I was forced to get up and feed him, and give him a little more toddy to sober up on. When I would pour the whiskey in the spoon he would turn his head to one side and look at me with the expression of a Kentucky Colonel watching a Maine bartender mix a mint julip. When I reached down to give him the drink he would open his mouth like a week old robin and when he had drank the last drop would hang on to the spoon.

Pete at this time was of an age when his looks were all against him: He had about enough feathers to have half covered him if they had been properly distributed, but they were on him in bunches, and the spots that were without feathers were ready for the skillet. His general appearance, sitting on his haunches, blinking at the fire and calling upon everyone that came in the room to give him more whiskey, was about as disgraceful a performance as I ever saw pulled off by a chicken. We tolerated him in the house for a few days, but as soon as the weather was at all fit we tried to induce Pete to walk to the barn. He apparently had the use of his ankles and feet, but his knees would only bend with difficulty, yet, after a day or two of practice he got so he could walk around a little. He generally fell over, however, before going far and would apparently give up trying to use his legs, and set upon his haunches with the most abject look on his face that it is possible to conceive. He got remarkably fat in a short time, but had no use of himself.

The proper end of a character like Pete after he got in this condition would have been, perhaps, a chicken pie, but the God of Shanghai's apparently had an eye upon him, and all summer long when rations got short, or the variety was insufficient at the barn, Pete had only to come staggering up the walk to get all he wanted from the first one to see him. The stiffening in his knees never left him, and after he was two years old he took on the appearance of the typical Kentucky Colonel; His feathers were fine and glossy; he held his head about six inches higher than any rooster I ever saw; his comb was the envy of every rooster in the neighborhood, though it must be admitted that it was extremely red and slightly swollen just over his bill.

On account of his awkward appearance, some of the neighboring Shanghai, and other breeds of roosters, conceived the idea that Pete would be remarkably easy to clean up,

but when they retired from the various fields of honor, in which they engaged him, they left Pete stalking uncertainly, but majestically around, and doing all the crowing. I witnessed one of the encounters. The enemy came at him with his head down, his feathers and wings straight out, making a very formidable appearance. Pete never moved until the rooster was within striking distance, then he lifted up one stiff leg and struck him on the side of the head like the kick of a left handed, wooden legged man, after which, Mr. Rooster took no more interest in what was going on about him. I wanted to give Pete another drink for that, but my wife would not stand for it.

Pete's disappearance was remarkable. After an eventful life of five years he began to some extent, show the effect of the kind of life he had led, and one day after making his usual rounds, with the usual amount of grunting on his own account, and caressing by the children, he disappeared, and within an hour from the time that he was known to be alive and well, he was gone, and from that day to this his disappearance has been a mystery.

NOTE—I notice in reading this over that this chicken sat on his haunches several times. I am informed that this is the most remarkable thing in the whole tale. I have my own views about that and the gentle reader is entitled to his.

Mr. Sourjohn



DRINKING SONG



Coffee in a tin cup,
coffee in a tin.

I never saw the like
of it since I've been.

Alcoholic beverage
is mighty thin

Along side of red hot
coffee in a tin.

Oh, I have drank
the whiskey,
And I have drank
the wine,
And I have drank the
barrels of beer
In the good old
summer time.

I've drank the Tom
& Jerry's,
And I have drank
the gin,
And now I'd turn
'em all up for
coffee in a tin.





Coffee in a tin cup,
Coffee in a tin.

I never saw the like of
it since I've been

Alcoholic beverage is
mighty thin

Along side of red hot
coffee in a tin.

FALL

There's a green grass carpet on the side of the hill,
The graceful willow bends to the breeze,
There's a crisp soft feeling in the October air,
And a thousand colored leaves on the trees.
There are leaves and leaves as yellow as the Midas gold,
Pink perfection of Dame Nature's handiwork,
See the white sycamore through the satin tinted boughs
Like a vision through a harem skirt.



IN THE EARLY DAYS

It was, as now, a criminal offense to bring liquor into this part of the country. The wise and good law makers could, to a certain extent, regulate the traffic in this much abused article, but, unfortunately, they could not regulate the appetites of the average aboriginee, nor, the white man, who was in their midst. In the days referred to there was always some one willing to take the chance of being discovered in the act of violating the law to satisfy his ever present appetite, but the Deputy U. S. Marshall being abroad in the land, many and various were the ways devised by the lovers of the flowing boot-leg to obtain the necessary good, or evil, which ever side you happen to be on. Now when our friend Jim, the hero or the villian of this tale, according to your point of view, in rambling through the woods early one morning discovered the handle of a one-half gallon jug protruding from a bed of leaves by a large elm tree. It was with mixed emotions of dread and delight that he carefully uncovered the jug, pulled out the cork, and, with his thoroughly experienced nostrils, confirmed the theory that the contents was what he most desired.

That a man would leave a perfectly good jug of whiskey in the woods near Bartlesville twenty years ago meant one of two things, either he had been closely pressed by Uncle Sam's men, or that he had believed the hiding

place to be beyond the power of ordinary mortal to discover. There had recently been, however, a rumor that a man near Fort Smith had been poisoned by drinking a bottle of liquor that he had found, and, with this thought in mind, Jim decided that it would be best not to take the first drink himself, so carefully holding the jug under his coat, he went on to the old Bartles store, which was at this time the head-quarters for all business, and social events for forty miles in every direction.

It happened that there was employed by Mr. Bartles in the store one, Lee, whose appetite for liquor was well known to Jim, and, as they had grown up together, and were good friends, Jim felt that it would be no more than right to allow Lee to take the first drink, so after carefully hiding the jug in the corner of the office in the back part of the store he quietly walked to the front and asked Lee if he would like to have a drink. Lee told him, in language more emphatic than polite, that he had not yet gone crazy, and asked him where the whiskey was. Jim said, "It is back there in the corner of the office; go back and help yourself." Lee went back, took a generous swig in the manner of an old time harvest hand drinking butter milk out of a jug, and came back into the store. Jim watched him carefully to see if the whiskey killed him, and when he found that it had no more than the usual effect, after vigorously shaking the jug, he got him to take another drink, watched him again for a few moments, and when he found that his actions were perfectly natural, under the circumstances, he took a long comforting drink himself, snuggled the jug carefully under his arm and started for home.



LES MISERABLES

If you marry a queen
You may sit on a throne;
In a palace that everything's rich in,
But if you marry the cook
Don't expect any thing,
But that you will eat in a kitchen.

THE FIRST CROP



Si lived on crackers and store Bologne
When he first came to Oklahome;
Out where the soil is red and loamy,
Where the corn and potatoes grow.

When Si first came he was thin, but frisky,
Yet it looked to him like farmin' was risky,
Like you couldn't raise hell with a gallon of whisky
On the land alloted to him.

But whatever Si was he was not a quitter,
Said he'd taste the sweet and swallow the bitter,
So he hitched up his mule and one horse critter,
And started to plow the land.

He done his own cooking and patched his own jeans,
With a limestone rock he seasoned his beans.
He didn't get fat, but started out lean,
So he figured he wasn't behind.

What he lived on, and fed on, he'd hardly say;
Kind'a roughed it through on prairie hay,
Mixed in with the hope of a brighter day,
And the thoughts of a girl back east.



Well, the crop he raised on that virgin soil
Was recompense full for his trouble and toil;
When he took it to market and counted the spoil
He was way ahead of the game.

Now there's fences and trees that set off the farm;
A two story house and a big red barn,
So, Si takes it easy and don't give a darn,
For the girl from back east is the boss.

And there's little Si that's big Si's crony;
Makes him glad he came to Oklahome,
And he smiles when he thinks of the store Bologne,
And the days when he patched his jeans.



FINANCIER ABORIGINEE

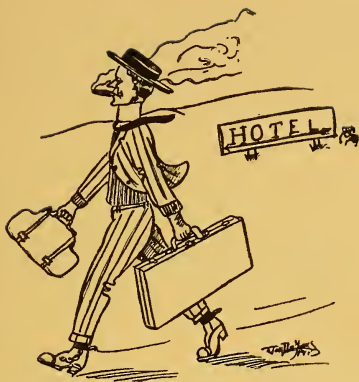
It is comfortably well known by students of history that the system of obtaining something for nothing, or the life of the gentle grafter is not altogether new. It is however, perhaps, nearer a definite science now than ever before in the world's history. Yet, you will remember a certain character in the scriptures, who, by a manipulation that would hardly be countenanced at this time, obtained large flocks and herds of spotted cattle. Later than this, but with the same primitive instinct, a full-blood Cherokee Indian preacher, whose English name was Miller, lived for years, so runs the tale, without other effort than that herein enumerated.

Back in the early seventies a white man, who was a tenant farmer in the Indian country, died and left no estate, or relatives with sufficient funds to afford him a decent burial. The condition was presented to an educated man in the neighborhood, who prepared a little petition, setting forth the facts, asking for a donation for the purpose of providing Christian burial for the deceased, and for the purpose of circulating this through the little town the scrivener signed his name; donated one dollar and gave it to this full-blood preacher to collect sufficient funds for the purpose indicated. The people were generally willing to give what they could afford, but at this time money was very scarce and not much used in the Indian country.

It was afterwards ascertained that Miller collected about twenty dollars in the town on the strength of the petition given him, after which, he saddled his horse; rode to a town ten miles distant and again got the petition in circulation with satisfactory results. He neglected to report on the day of the funeral and the neighbors constructed a rude box and buried the man in the best way they could.

Considerable uneasiness was felt at the disappearance of Miller, and for some time, it was not even known that he had collected the money but upon investigation it was found that he had been to each town within forty miles of the place he had started from; had solicited and collected enough money to have given fifty men a decent burial, and provided for payment of an installment for the relief of their immortal souls.

The petition was not dated and for more than a year, in fact, until the paper became entirely worn out, this Indian followed the calling of collecting money to bury a man, "whose rattling bones were left of him alone."



THE INNS AND OUTS

If you're taking a trip as a 'Knight of the Grip',
Or a traveler who loves to live well,
Give ear to my song and you cannot go wrong,
Pay attention to all that I tell.

To get a good meal with an unholy zeal,
Man will hunt the hotels o'er and o'er,
And you travel you'll see, in the big I. T.,
What I tell is the truth and no more.

Now, to begin at the Nowata Inn,
There is comfort and plenty of cheer;
From cellar to roof, I have positive proof,
Everything you'll find "Albright" and clear.

When to Claremore you go, though the town's rather slow,
You'll find Hotels galore, and no bother;
And no matter where you stop while you're there,
You will wish you had gone to some other.

Once a man stopped from Dallas, at the Wagoner
Brown Palace;
What he told me you'll never have hint;
His impotent rage would fill up this page,
But such language's forbidden in print.

At Muskogee, Wewoka, Talequah or Atoka,
They might serve you right, and might wrong,
But Vinita, I swear, if you ever go there
You had better take dinner along.



NOTE—Referring to The Indian Territory in 1900

THE WORST JINGLE

When the Creator was making the Earth,
And forming his plans for the weather,
Where west Texas is, he saw a great hole;
It was too far away to fill up with coal,
But something must hold the Earth together.

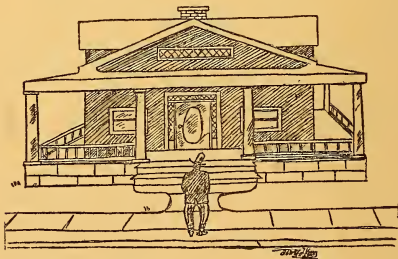
He looked over Earth and Heaven for land,
But he'd used all the dirt, and most of the sand;
Then he heard Hell was finished, and Satan'd
Refused a lot of material he couldn't use,
So he borrowed the stuff and finished the state,
And it is just like he left it, 'tis sad to relate.





Yes, I reckon the Country's improvin',
 There's more people, more courts and more crime,
 But it seems to me kind a amusin'
 To think about that other time,
 When the cattle browsed round on the prairie,
 And there's nothing you wanted to do,
 But roll in the grass and be happy;
 When there wasn't a house in view
 The big tall grass and the cattails
 Looked purty down in the slough;
 The blue stem, and the acres of goldenrod,
 And sumac with blood red hue.

They'r buildin' a town on the old ranch place,
 Where the round ups used to be;
 They've got brick streets and electric lights,
 And builden's higher'n a tree.
 My wimmen folks want to move down there,
 In a house with a blue grass yard,
 Which, countin' the walk that divides the same,
 Ain't bigger'n a postal card,
 But I like the view of the post oak trees,
 When the frost in the fall starts to turn the leaves.



ABOUT THREE DOLLARS

In the days when this part of the World was young, before the days of Picture Shows, Elks Clubs, Automobile Parties, Golf Links, and Country Clubs, the only method of passing pleasantly a long rainy evening, or the long hours after the work of a long, long day, was for a party, necessarily small at that time, of congenial spirits to meet together in the room, or office of one, and, with the proper amount of that other congenial spirit then and now counterband, relate the personal experience of each other, or tell the tales and stories that so easily come to the surface at a time like this.

In the days before many of the participants were responsible to, or for, any one, and their evenings off, were a source of anxiety to none, except, perhaps, the much abused town marshall.

At a time like this there gathered together in the rooms of one, who is now a prominent member of a higher Court of the State, a meeting, with the proper accessories, and no lack of congenial spirits of both classes above referred to, and among the others, this tale was told.

The narrator had formerly lived in a Kansas town on the river Kaw; made famous as the home of a line of celebrities.

The home of Governor Stubbs, who just missed being President, and will yet be, if this country gets the best. The home of the first Governor of Kansas, Charles Robinson, from whom the humble writer of these lines has purchased many a dozen of eggs, and pounds of butter, which the Governor personally brought to the Jones Grocery Store. The home of Senator Bowersock, and a number of celebrities of, more or less, distinction in various fields of play and labor.

Senator Bowersock, says, the narrator "built the Opera house, owned the Opera house, and owned and controlled

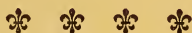
the great flour and feed mills. The power for which was derived from the harnessed Kaw and transmitted by cable to the various factories and manufacturing plants of the city. The mill manager was also manager of the Opera house, and during the day presided at the roller top desk in the office of the sales division of the flour and feed mills. In the evening he was in the box office of the Opera house supplying the tickets to the "gay and festive throngs," and incidentally checking up with the manager of the attraction."

The man who tells this tale says, "in connection with my employment at this time I was running a dray-line and had two or three teams, which were owned and cared for by me. As a customer of the feed mills, I was well known to the manager, who was a careful, if not an exacting collector, and to obtain credit for a sack of chop was something of a financial manouever, which, however, I had occasionally been able to do, in fact, this was the condition of my account on the day of the disaster, (which we are going to refer to before we entirely close this narrative.) It seems, on this day, that his attention had been called to the little balance amounting to three dollars altogether, without any satisfactory results so far as the management of the feed mills was concerned.

On the evening of the day of the above occurrences some famous player was billed to appear at the old Opera house, and for the benefit of those who may doubt that famous players would appear at this small town, I remember to have seen Booth and Barrett, Alexander Salvina, Robert Mantell, Maude Mathers, Louis James and others that would be worth a trip across the continent to see at this time. It seems that the man who contracted this account for feed was a lover of the drama, and while he could not raise the three dollars to pay for the corn chop he had probably fed to his dray teams, he appeared at the box office on this particular evening with the young lady of his choice, at a time when the box office rush was at it's heighth and presented the three dollars to the manager of the feed mills, now on duty in the box office, requesting two particular seats, which were, no doubt, the best in the house for the money. The manager first closed his hand over the three dollars and without making any move to

produce the tickets for our hero and his lady, told him, in the face of the congregated society who were crowding anxiously behind him, that he would credit him three dollars on what he owed for feed, and it was up to him to rustle another three dollars or miss seeing the show.

It appearing useless and embarrassing to argue the matter, with what grace he could command he went out of the house and down the street to borrow the price of admission.



EL REINA DEL CAMPO

She makes the strongest coffee in the Nation;
A Doby shacks her castle on the Rhine;
Her form is not exactly a temptation;
She never wore a shoe of any kind.

She doesn't play much on the grand piano;
She's deficit some, in fact, in different ways,
She does her hair up in a red Bandana,
But in this camp she's certainly the craze.

The lingo that she speaks is broken Spanish;
The smile she smiles has oft been used before,
But no matter if she's Mexican or Danish,
For me she always has the open door.

Sing the praise of the shy little maid
From one to the other great sea,
But the girlie that comes up and holds out her hand
Is the one that gets money from me.

THE BEST JINGLE

If you ever have been broke,
And after you got some money,
You know how good it seems,
To hear the jingle
Of a silver dollar
On another silver dollar
In your jeans.

To hear the jingle
Of a silver dollar
On another silver dollar
In your jeans.



JIM SHAW, BOWMAN,

This is a sort of a history of the things that happened to an old Delaware Indian. They are in a great many respects like things that have happened to other Indians.

In the intercourse between the Indians and the Government there have been a great many mistakes made on each side. The mistake of the Indian has generally been his lack of understanding of the conditions, and his failure to see anything good come from the many novel suggestions of the Government, and various associations working ostensibly for his benefit. On the part of the Government it has generally been the lack of integrity and ability in the various ministerial officers, rather than in the policy of the Government itself.

Too often the Indian has been exploited for the advantage of those who were advising him and acting for him on behalf of the Government. This has tended to develop a doubt among the Indians as to the Government's integrity, and only the cooler heads on both sides have prevented many outbreaks and the attending evils.

Jimshaw studied over these questions, as they were presented to him, with varying emotions and results.

His boyhood days had been as free and wild as that of his ancestors before the days of Columbus and his three little ships. His early manhood was devoted to the Government service in the capacity of a scout. It is a matter of history that had his suggestions been followed by the officers in command one or two notable massacres would have been avoided. The services and record he has made have never been recognized officially, however, and he draws no pension.

He is one of the members of the Five Civilized Tribes, and objected to the coming of the white man. He was old enough to know the out-come of all Indian communities after the allotment of their land, and there were no things suggested to him that would equal in benefit the certain detriment of the assimilations of his country by

the white man. On the same theory he resisted in a quiet way the efforts of the white man to make the Indian Territory a state. He resisted also the removal of the restrictions on Indian land and made such arguments as he could to the members of his tribe, who sold their lands for a song.

In all, however, everyone was treated fairly by him, and he never appeared to have any feelings against any individual for the faults of a system, yet, many of his white neighbors, taking his mild manner and placid acquiescence to be a sign of weakness, tried in various ways to take advantage of him, and, as usual, with more or less success. In fact, after a few years of the white man's rule, and after one or two outbreaks when in a more or less intoxicated state, Jim was deprived of the right to carry his rifle or shot gun away from his own home. Naturally this condition of affairs made him, more or less, quarrelsome with the people, who had placed upon him, as appeared to him, this unjust restriction, and the bully of the township, taking advantage of this condition, beat him unmercifully one day, in fact, would have killed him had it not been for the interference of other persons.

In an investigation it developed, the thing that had angered the bully was, the fact, that Jim had driven his hogs out of a little crop of corn which he was trying to raise on his own land. He never received the benefit of the doubt, however, and this disturbance only added to his reputation of an ill-natured, quarrelsome character.

Jim remained very quiet at home for several months after his whipping, but apparently he had decided to take matters in his own hands and see if he could not regulate society to, at least, protect himself from any further abuse, even at the risk of his own life, or the taking of that of some of those who had made life so bitter for him. At this time the fall of the year being at hand, that time when an old Indian, of all others, loves to be roaming about out of doors. Jim, who had been refused the privilege of the shooting of squirrels and rabbits with his rifle, had reverted to his boyhood method of hunting with bow and arrow. He had fashioned a number of bows of hedge and bodock, which, with his arrows were marvels of strength and suppleness. He did not give an exhibition of his skill with the bow but

to his closest friends, but, as I had had his confidence for many years, he took a childish delight in showing me how easily he could send an arrow through an apple thrown into the air.

One day he had gone with his wife across the country to visit some Indian friends living several miles distant. On his return he met the bully in the road, who thinking his last meeting entitled him to abuse both Jim and his wife, began cursing them as soon as they met, for no reason other than to maintain a reputation as the bad man of the neighborhood. Jim answered him in a manner purposely intended to aggravate him, whereupon, the bully jumped from his horse, started at Jim with his hand upraised, cursing and threatening to administer to him and his wife such a beating as would in the future command for him their respect.

When the bully was on the horse Jim's bow was in the quiver over his shoulder, when he got on the ground, and was within five feet of Jim, he was looking squarely at the steel point of an arrow that would have gone entirely through his body if he had advanced another inch. The bully said afterwards, that it had been his misfortune to look into the blue barrel of a forty-five when he expected every moment would be his last, but nothing ever so completely removed him from all inclination to mortal combat as the point of that arrow, and the glint in Jim's eyes as he gradually drew the string at a more determined and dangerous angle. While in this position it happened that two substantial farmers in the country passing along saw the situation and stopped without saying anything. Jim, seeing that they were going to remain neutral, paid no attention to them but kept the point of his arrow and his eye carefully trained on the most vital point in Mr. Bully's anatomy, who, at Jim's command, remounted his horse and held his hands up until he was out of reach, then made such haste in a forward direction that it gave his horse a reputation for speed not heretofore known.

To the credit of the men who saw this, when questioned by the rowdy as to what their evidence would be in event of a prosecution, they stoutly denied having seen anything.

The tale leaked out, however, and Mr. Bully was glad to leave the neighborhood.

So great was the admiration of the old Indian's nerve the people gave great allowance to his peculiarities, and he now lives peaceably in the community and has the respect of confidence of all his neighbors.

THE ROUND UP



When the band plays like sixty
In the grand stand by the gate,
And a steer from down in Dixie,
or some southwestern state
Steps off across the dead-line
that is marked down on the green,
A fellow out to win a bet
uncoils his trusty lariat,

You then begin to realize
The fellow who takes down the prize
Will do some things with horse and rope
That you have never seen.

The steer at his first scent of danger
With backward glance observes the ranger,
Distends his nostrils, sets his eyes,
And in a bee-line straight he flies.

When the loop swings clear
from the pealer's hand,
And the long horned steer
feels its gently land,
And a certain sudden motion
lays him squarely on his back.

The rider anxious for the "dough"
Soon has a careful hackamo
Bound tightly on that long horn
'Fore he ever makes a track.

When the wild-eyed Bronc, just off the range,
Submits to superior muscle and brain,
And feels for the first time
The weight of the saddle,
Then you can gamble the very minute
He feels the weight of the pealer in it;
The things he'll do when he starts to unlimber
Will be things that pealer will always remember.

A GOOD FELLOW

He had been down the line,
And had seen the world,
And he knew what the world would do;
He knew what was harmless,
And what would hurt;
His body had tasted the dregs and dirt,
But his soul was pure and true.

The world's full of folks
That will split their last dime,
For a friend that Dame Fortune has left;
But here is a man,
If he's broke, will take time,
To go out in the world and rustle a dime,
To give to a tramp that's bereft.

DOC ALLEN'S GONE

Oh, who will give us calomel to cure our sluggish liver,
Doc Allen's gone?

And who will say "take quinine" when we have the chills
and shiver,

Doc Allen's gone?

Who will be the one to meet and greet the little babies,

And who will be a substitute to always please the ladies?

I say there's none to take his place between this town and Hades,

Now he's gone.

Who'll treat us solemn 'fore our wives when we've been
over-drinking,

Now Allen's gone?

And never let her see him look at us a slyly winking,

Allen's gone?

But feels our pulse like we were dyin',

And when she goes out almost cryin',

Says, "Cut the booze or I'll stop lyin",

Now Allen's gone.

Who will leave the bed side of a bloated money lender,

Now Allen's gone?

And spend his time in caring for some poor child so tender,

Now Allen's gone?

Who'll sit all night in a cold hovel

A fightin' death for some poor devil,

Not for his fee, but that he's level,

Now Allen's gone?

LIFE

I may never wrest the pearls from the sea,
Or dig the shining diamonds from the hills;
I may never have the wealth of Carnegie,
Or the fame of him who makes the Reachems pills,
But memory lingering of one happy night,
Amid a world of common place and days,
Fills countless moments with a dear delight,
Contented yet, I live, and sing, it pays.



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